

THE CRAZY TRUTH

the nut in the all red outfit
came walking down the street
talking to himself
when a hotshot in a sports car
cut into an alley
in front of the nut
who hollered, "HEY, YOU DOG DRIP
SWINE SHIT, YOU GOT PEANUTS FOR
BRAINS!"

the hotshot braked his sports
car, backed toward the nut,
stopped,
said: "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY,
BUDDY?"

"I said, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO
DRIVE OFF WITH YOUR DICK UP YOUR
ASS!"

the hotshot had his girl in the
car with him and started to
open the door.

"YOU AIN'T GONNA GET OUT OF THAT
CAR, PEANUT BRAINS!"

the door closed and the sports car
dug out and roared
off.

the nut in the red outfit then
continued to walk down the
street.

"THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' NOWHERE,"
he said, "AND IT'S GETTING TO BE
LESS NOTHING ALL THE
TIME!"

it was a great day for accuracy
there on 7th street just off
Weymouth.

THE FIGHTER

Hemingway feels it from the grave
every time the bulls run through

the streets of
Pamploma
again

he sits up
the skeleton rattles

the skull wants a drink .

the eyeholes want sunlight action.

the young bulls are beautiful,
Ernest

and you were
too

no matter
what they say

now.

SUITABLE

she is an old woman
now
still quite beautiful
she has known many of
the famous.

we are sitting in a cafe
and she tells me,
"Hemingway was an amazing
man, he'd sit about and
make these statements
one after another, these
astonishing statements"

I like that.
but I have nothing to
say.

well, I do.
I tell her: "the red
sauce in the little bowl
is very hot so
don't use it unless you
like that sort of
thing."